

The Times' Daily Short Story.

My Uncle the Bunko Steerer

(Original.)

I was born on a farm and till I was twenty-three years old had never been to the city. Being of a timid and nervous temperament, what I read of the city made me feel that I didn't want to go there. Items in newspapers, of country people being cheated in the shops, robbed, bullied, made a deep impression upon me. I determined that if ever I was obliged to visit the city I would turn a deaf ear to all persons claiming to have known me before and keep a tight grip on my pocketbook.

All this was disappointing to my mother. My uncle, Samuel Trask, an old bachelor with a profitable business, lived in the city, and my mother was very desirous that I should cultivate him, but I resolutely declined to leave my home, and my uncle was not likely to come to the country in order that I should become a favorite with him and inherit his money.

However, one day news came of the failure of a grocer in town who owed us considerable money for farm produce, and my mother shamed me into going to look out for our interests. I was so reluctant and took so much time in getting off that I was not likely to meet with much success in securing my claim, but my mother was glad to see me depart and would be satisfied with whatever I might do.

Once in town my shyness left me, and I set about the business on which I had come with sufficient energy and adroitness to secure the payment of my claim within a year's time. I had closed the matter up and was sitting in the rotunda of my hotel waiting for an old gentleman of very respectable appearance walked by me on his way to the office and, seeing me, stopped and looked at me scrutinizingly. Then he came up to me, putting out his hand.

"Well, upon my word," he said, "it seems to me as if I was looking at my brother instead of my nephew. Your father wasn't much older than you when he died, and you look enough like him to be his twin."

I was considerably set up by my business success, so instead of turning on my heel and walking away from a case of bunko I was emboldened to play the steerer for a while in order to see how he would work me.

"I don't play cards," I remarked.

"Cards? Of course not—that is, not for money," he said, with a puzzled look which I thought was very well assumed. "How did you leave your mother?"

"We'll leave my mother out of the discussion," I replied sharply, for I adored her and it seemed a sacrilege to

permit the rascal to drag her in.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the man. Then, breaking into a smile, he added: "I see. I haven't explained. I've forgotten that you don't know me. I'm your uncle Sam."

Thinking that a request for a loan might follow, I resolved to forestall this man with his own impudence.

"I say, uncle, could you let me have \$10 to get home with? I'm a greenhorn from the country and fell into the hands of a sharper this afternoon who took all I had at three card monte."

The old gentleman fired up.

"See, here," he said sharply, "are you not Benjamin Trask?"

"I am."

"Then when I tell you that I am your father's brother what do you mean by such talk? If you have really lost your money, as you say, you are welcome to all you need."

"Very well, I'll take \$10."

He looked at me curiously for a moment, then took out his pocketbook, and selecting a \$10 bill handed it to me, at the same time informing me that my mother had written him that I would be in town. This satisfied me and I apologized and returned his loan and consented to remain overnight with him. He gave me a fine dinner at a restaurant, with plenty of champagne, after which we went to his rooms, where he produced more wine. I told him what I had done in my deal with the grocer and showed him the papers, a check for \$200 and notes for \$100 more, payable in monthly installments. He commended me for my business ability, and we went to bed.

The next morning I awoke in a dingy room I had never been in before. I heard the puffing of engines, and going to the window discovered that I was near the railroad station at which I had arrived the morning before. All my papers were gone, and what was worse all my money. I dressed and went downstairs to be informed that an old gentleman had left me there the night before.

Well, I telegraphed to my mother for funds, but was almost starved for want of a meal before I received them. I went home, and on entering the house was astonished to see the man who had robbed me sitting in the living room. My mother was with him. His face took on a grin, but my mother, with maternal pity, embraced me sympathetically.

"Don't think hard of me, Ben, my boy," said the man. "I only wanted to show you that if you want to keep clear of city sharps you must turn away from them altogether. You can't monkey with them."

My mother had succeeded in her desire. My uncle took me into his business and I am now his successor and heir. It is to him and not the talk about countrymen being swindled that sharpened my wits and made a business man of me.

ANTHONY HAROLD BARNES.



Miss Nettie Blackmore, Minneapolis, tells how any young woman may be permanently cured of monthly pains by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"YOUNG WOMEN:—I had frequent headaches of a severe nature, dark spots before my eyes, and at my menstrual periods I suffered untold agony. A member of the lodge advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, but I only scorned good advice and felt that my case was hopeless, but she kept at me until I bought a bottle and started taking it. I soon had the best reason in the world to change my opinion of the medicine, as each day my health improved, and finally I was entirely without pain at my menstrual periods. I am most grateful."—NETTIE BLACKMORE, 28 Central Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

If there is anything about your case about which you would like special advice, write freely to Mrs. Pinkham. She will hold your letter in strict confidence. She can surely help you, for no person in America can speak from a wider experience in treating female ills. She has helped hundreds of thousands of women back to health. Her address is Lynn, Mass.; her advice is free.

tions are the most interesting to westerners. These had some 1,200 converts five years ago, but as Liaoyang was the center of the Boxer movement in Manchuria many were terrorized into relinquishing their new faith. The missionaries relate with pride how one of their number, Dr. Westwater, prevented the Russians from storming the city when they were putting down the Boxer uprising by armed force. Liaoyang used to be the capital of southern Manchuria and is still important, its chief industry being the distilling of a native liquor from the hemp and millet of the surrounding fields.

South of the rib of hills already described, and which bear the name of Shoushan, is another small plain, which in its turn is bounded on the south by another rib, of which Anshan, the "Saddle hill," is the chief peak. Anshan, or "Saddle hill village," is noteworthy as being the most northerly point reached by the Japanese armies in the China-Japanese war of 1894-95. At Anshan they made a feint at Liaoyang, which was one of the strongest centers of Chinese troops, and then turned southward to Newchwang.

It was at this place that General Kuropatkin lost an important engagement, which opened the road northward toward Liaoyang for the Japanese. Since the engagement at Shanchuan the Japanese have for the first time been traversing new ground, not fought over in the China-Japanese war.

CLUBMEN FISH SELLERS.

Became Peddlers to Earn Money For New House.

To obtain money for a new clubhouse they are to build members of the Owl club of Scituate, Mass., became fish peddlers the other day and in two hours disposed of 103 fish out of 600 pounds which the members had caught during the day, says a Boston special dispatch.

When the cargo came into town Scituate fishermen gasped, and friends of the club members did likewise, for the ice chests of none of the members would hold his individual capture, and the club refrigerator was devoted to other purposes. Mr. Newdick conceived the idea of selling the fish.

A wagon was hired, and Mr. Newdick and Charles Manson, attired in appropriate costumes, drove about the town hawking the fish, to the amusement of the townspeople and the consternation of Scituate fish dealers.

Thrill In Norway.

To encourage working people to establish homes of their own Norway has founded a bank for workmen. It lends money at 3½ and 4 per cent and gives the borrower forty-two years in which to pay the loan. The total cost of the house must not exceed \$150, and the area of land must not be more than five acres.

Vienna.

More than five-eighths of the area of Vienna is covered by woods, vineyards, parks and gardens.

TARTAR IS A TARTAR

Soft, spongy, sensitive gums result from tartar accumulation. It should be removed at once by your dentist and thereafter prevented by the use of

SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER

and its complement, SOZODONT Liquid. The Powder is slightly abrasive, is absolutely free from grit and acid, and is just the thing for those who have an inclination for the niceties of every-day life.

3 FORMS: LIQUID, POWDER, PASTE.

SEEING THE FAIR IN DETAIL

Lessons In Food Poisoning From Several States—Evidence In Material Form—Wood Alcohol and Aniline Dye Combined Under the Name of Pure Lemon Extract—Some of the Common Adulterants and How They Are Used—Coming International Food Congress—World's Fair Food Show. Machinery Used In Food Preparation. An English Confectionery Factory and a French Bakery In Daily Operation.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY MARK BENNETT.)

A square yard of flannel colored pink with the poisonous aniline dye extracted from a pint bottle of tomato catnip.

Jars of candies colored with more poisonous aniline dyes.

The beautiful orange phosphate that looks like the real thing at the soda fountain found to contain benzoic acid, coal tar dye and no orange extract.

A fluid labeled "Pure Lemon Extract," made of the deadly poison, wood alcohol and aniline dye, containing no lemon oil whatever.

Down a long list we might go, telling the secrets of those who are putting dollars into their pockets by putting poison into our foods.

If you want to have your faith in mankind rudely shaken take the time to look about in the exhibit of the National Association of State Food Commissioners in the south end of the Palace of Agriculture.

Kentucky shows a case of flannel swatches colored with dyes taken from commercial foods which have been used as evidence in Kentucky courts against food poisoners and adulterators. Here are some of the original packages with the names of the manufacturers still on them, along with the certificate of conviction by state food commissioners and chemists. Threats of trouble have been made by the makers of convicted articles, but no trouble has come and the condemned goods in their dress of glaring and lying labels still point a moral and emphasize a tale.

Here are great photographs of microscopic enlargements which leave on the mind the impression that commercial lard is chiefly tallow and butter is principally oleomargarine. One must often wonder whether the good and the pure have gone.

Maple sugar is chiefly cane sugar, honey is glucose, maple sirup is glucose a little thinner with a color tone a shade deeper, due to burnt sugar.

Vinegar is acetic acid colored with burnt sugar. Cayenne pepper is a little capsicum and a great deal of nutshells ground fine and colored with aniline dyes. All the adulterators have a line on aniline. Jellies and jams are any old thing, from macerated pumpkins to good apple sauce mixed with timothy seed and colored with aniline dyes.

It is a sorry thing for honest makers of canned foods that such stories must be told, but sorrier still for the great American digestive system if we are not put on our guard against the unscrupulous. When state laws provide for the confiscation and destruction of adulterated foods and a term behind the bars for a convicted offender the public health and private stomach will be safer. The tendency of law making is in that direction.

Another kind of fraud shown up in this exhibit is the deceitful package. Bottles that boast large contents and fail to keep the contract are here in all sizes, patterns and shapes. The bottle with deep panels and prismatic sides, the flask with a raised bottom, the cruet with a thousand facets, are all here in the purgatory of the public gaze, like the prisoner in the stocks on the public street, shamefaced and guilty or defiant and insolent.

Right in line with the correction of food evils will be the international food congress which will meet in the Hall of Congresses at the world's fair, Sept. 26 to Oct. 1. This congress, the first of the kind, is the result of efforts on the part of the Association of State Dairy and Food Commissioners and Chemists, who meet at the same time.

Fifteen to twenty foreign delegates are expected. Three factions will compose this congress—those who favor absolutely pure food, those who maintain that the use of such preservatives as benzoic acid and salicylic acid are necessary and not seriously harmful, and the third class, who demand that any food containing an adulterant, whether harmful or not, should be so labeled, stating what the adulterant is and what the proportion.

An association of grocers sent a food expert to Japan some months ago to study the preservation of foods for army use. His report will be one of the interesting features of the coming congress.

The brighter side to this great food question is the one which Paul Pierce of What to Eat has presented in his magnificent food show. Mr. Pierce is superintendent of the food section of Chief F. W. Taylor's great department of agriculture. This section is a veritable department of feasting, for the crowds are fed on delicious morsels daintily gotten to keep all appetites keenly whetted. Health foods and breakfast foods are here for sampling. In the four booths handsome girls in spick and span gingham and linen are taking first lessons in bread making. The aroma of choice teas and coffees tantalizes you. Tinned meats and vegetables in pyramids and fancy shapes threaten to fall on you. Condiments in bottles, mineral waters in huge fountains and wines ad-

A NEW SKIN IN 45 DAYS

ECZEMA, SALT RHEUM, ITCHING PILES, TETTER, BARBERS' ITCH.

Any skin disease completely eradicated. A sufferer literally covered in cleared off and permanently cured in 45 days' time—a new skin practically was grown—no pain—smarting or itching during the cure.



WE VOUCH FOR THIS

In the case of Mr. Henry Walters shown here, photographed in his diseased condition, (psoriasis, a species of eczema), he was almost entirely covered. The trouble started in three small spots and did not spread beyond this for eight years. Then it suddenly raged all over.

It raged more or less in this way for ten years, and was afterward entirely cleared away in about 6 weeks time by D. D. D. and no taint of the disease has appeared since—over two years ago.

We know this to be exactly as stated.

RICKERT & WELLS,

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This result can be accomplished with any skin affection. Barrels of blood medicine can do nothing for a skin disease. Nine out of ten manifestations in the skin are local—parasitic in nature and absolutely curable by this new prescription. "D. D. D." is a clean liquid prescription sopped or atomized over the affected spots twice daily.

This preparation has our unqualified endorsement. We are recommending it with most excellent results. The cures already effected are having wide-spread influence in this section. If you have a skin affection—come to the store. It will be the means of making you a happier human being.

Sold and Guaranteed by Rickert & Wells and all Druggists.

LIAOYANG BATTLEFIELD

Topography of the Scene of the Great Engagement.

IMMENSELY FERTILE IN SECTIONS

General Situation Determined by the Khingnan Ridge, the Backbone of Manchuria—Crossed by the Taitse River—Liaoyang is a Walled City Built Four Square.

The dispatches leave the position of Liaoyang, the scene of the recent great battle between the Russian and Japanese forces, somewhat vague. It is really quite clear, says the New York Herald. The general situation is determined by the Khingnan ridge, which forms the backbone of Manchuria. This ridge runs from the south of Port Arthur right up to the great bend of the Amur river at Khabarovsk, and is, in fact, the cause of that bend. The Amur flowing round it to the north. On the east of this backbone ridge lies the valley of the Yalu. On the west of the same ridge lies the valley of the Liao river. The fighting since early spring has been for the possession of this ridge, which was crossed by the Japanese in the various battles of the passes.

From this main backbone ribs of low hills go westward into the Liao river plain. The railroad from Port Arthur crosses several of these ribs, and in parts it resembles a switchback railway. Between each pair of ribs a stream flows down into the plain, going generally due west and joining the Liao river in the valley. This valley is of immense fertility and is covered with magnificent fields, with numerous villages and farms and numberless towns, each marked with a tuft of trees, generally elms, willows or firs and pines. It is recorded that the elms near Liaoyang are heavily decked with mistletoe.

From Tashichiao, the junction for Port Arthur and Newchwang, the distance north to Liaoyang is forty miles, chiefly along the foothills of the ridge and across the various ribs. The streams between the ribs are mountain torrents, liable to sudden floods from cloudbursts, and the bridges, one of M. de Witte's masterpieces, allow for these floods by the great height of their arches. Westward of the railroad, toward the great wall, are magnificently irrigated and cultivated plains, producing tobacco, cotton, millet, hemp and such fruits as pears, grapes, peaches and cherries.

The last rib of hills from the main

backbone is some four or five miles south of Liaoyang city, the backbone being in sight to the east of the town. The mountain stream corresponding to this rib is the Taitse river, which flows just north of the town in a wide, sandy bed, with numerous sand banks, one of which divides its stream into two main branches. The Russian position was a half circle, the southern front was on the rib of hills four or five miles south of the city, while the right and left wings touched the Taitse river, thus practically encircling the town of Liaoyang. The Japanese position was south of the rib of hills and stretched in a larger semicircle outside the semicircle of the Russian troops.

The land between the southern rib of hills and the city is flat and richly cultivated. It is dotted with suburban villages and is largely covered with market gardens and fruit orchards. To the east of the town the ground gradually rises till it passes through the foothills into the backbone ridge. Northward of the city comes, first, the wide sandy bed of the Taitse river and then the flat, richly cultivated plain, twenty-five miles in extent, which divides Liaoyang from Mukden. Westward of the town of Liaoyang the country is generally flat and extends in an open plain toward the main valley of the Liao river, into which the Taitse flows.

The city is built four square. It is surrounded by walls of stone, topped by brick and crenelated for archery or gun fire. The walls run north and south and east and west. There is a main gate in the center of each wall—thus there is a north gate, a south gate, an east gate and a west gate. The north gate opens out on the Taitse river. The west gate opens on the railroad station and the Russian cavalry barracks, close to the station. From the south gate the old imperial road goes eastward to Newchwang. From the east gate another imperial road goes eastward to Anping and thence to the Yalu and Korea.

The city measures two and a half miles north and south by two miles east and west, or, rather, this is the extent inclosed by the walls. But the walled space, five square miles in area, is far too large for the hundred thousand Chinese and Manchurian inhabitants, and much of it is laid out in market gardens. The city itself resembles all Chinese walled cities, except that its streets have, for the last five or six years, been kept somewhat cleaner and lighted at night, by order of the Russians. There is only one slight elevation within the walls, on which stands the imperial treasury. The Buddhist temple to Kwan Yin, the goddess of mercy, is the finest object architecturally, while the mission sta-

JAPAN'S BEST MEN.

A. G. Hales Says She Can Put 500,000 of Them in the Field.

In all the world I have never seen finer fellows than some of Japan's troops, says A. G. Hales in the London Daily News. The Tokyo guards were superb, and the general body of the Infantry very fine indeed. The best nation has is now at the front. For five long years Japan was selecting those men, picking them, choosing them, trying them, getting them ready for that fateful February day when hell was to be let loose upon the peaceful earth.

The Russian officers in Japan saw the preparations and sneered. Today they are reaping the reward of those cheap sneers.

I made it my business to look beyond the army corps the Japanese were rushing to the front while I was in Japan. I went into the interior of the country as far as I could get in company with a fellow journalist of great experience. I looked at the men from whom the mikado will have to draw his fighting forces a year hence, when the grand fellows he now has in action are killed or worn out with wounds and marching, torn to pieces by the eternal strain of a long continued struggle, shattered by the frightful horrors of a winter campaign. That they will die like heroes at the command of their ruler all the world knows, and when they are dead or when they are stale and sore they will have to be replaced. And I do not think that when she is tried to the utmost Japan can, from first to last, put more than 500,000 really high class men into the field. There is a tremendous drop in the caliber of the class the fighters are coming from. Many generations of semi-slavery, of ill breeding, of low diet, of wretched pay and ceaseless work have thinned the cool blood, and there is even a greater difference between coolies and the class I have referred to than there is between the coolies of India and the Sikhs and the Ghoukars.

Monte Carlo.

The winnings of the bank of Monte Carlo are said to average nearly \$25 a minute, or about \$6,250,000 a year.

DYSPEPSIA

"Having taken your wonderful 'Cascarets' for three months and being entirely cured of stomach catarrh and dyspepsia, I think a word of praise is due to 'Cascarets' for their wonderful composition. I have taken numerous other so-called remedies but without avail and I find that Cascarets relieve more in a day than all the others I have taken would in a year."

James McLean, 100 Mercer St., Jersey City, N. J.

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CANDY CATHARTIC
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips, No Bad After-Effect. The genuine tablets stamped C. C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.
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